MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR,

The Monthly COLLECTION

OF

New Teaching SONGS,

Compos'd for the *Theatres*, and other Occasions;

With a Thorow Bass for the *Harpsichord*, or *Spinett:*

The SONGS being Transpos'd for the *Flute*, at the end of the Book.

For **July.**

LONDON:

Printed by *William Pearson*, next door to the *Hare* and *Feathers*, in *Alders-gate-street*; for *Henry Playford*, and Sold by him at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-street*; And *J. Hare*, at the Golden *Viol* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and at his Shop in *Freeman's-Yard* in *Corn-Hill*; And *J. Young*, at the *Dolphin* and Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard; And all other Musick-Shops in Town. 1699.

Price Six-pence.

IN vain a thou——ſand, thou——ſand,
thou--ſand ſlaves have try'd to o——vercome, to o——vercome *Be—lin—da's* pride:
Pi—ty pleading, Love perſwading, when her I—cy heart is thaw'd, ho--nour chides and

ſtraight ſhe's aw'd, Honour chides, Ho---nour chides, and ſtraight, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd;
Ho--nour chides, Ho--nour chides and ſtraight, and ſtraight ſhe's aw'd:
Foo—liſh creature, fol—low na—ture, waſt not, waſt not

thus your Prime: Youth's a trea-ſure, Love's a Plea—ſure both de--
—ſtroy'd by time: Youth's a trea-—ſure, Love's a Plea-—ſure both de——
—ſtroy'd by time.

A SONG ſet by Mr. *Courtevil.*

SPeak Love- - - - ly Charmer, ſpeak, How long muſt I endure, pains which on-
—ly you could make, wch on—ly you could make, and you a-lone can cure:
If you to Heav'n can't rai—ſe my Soul let it at once ex—pire; or with one pit'ing

look controul the Ra- - - - - - - - - - -ging of its fire- - - - - -We all a common fate ob--
—tain, which from deaths ſtroke is giv'n, but he endures e--ter-nal pain, but he endures e-ter---nal
pain, who takes his blow, who takes his blow, his blow, from Heaven.

The *Paſtoral*, Perform'd at the *Theatre* Royal;

By Mr. *Pate* with great Applauſe.

Pa-ſte-rel-la che trà le ſelvei, ſuoi

giorni passando va;
Pa-ste--rel-la che trà le seluei, suoi giorni passando

e--trai boſchi etrà le

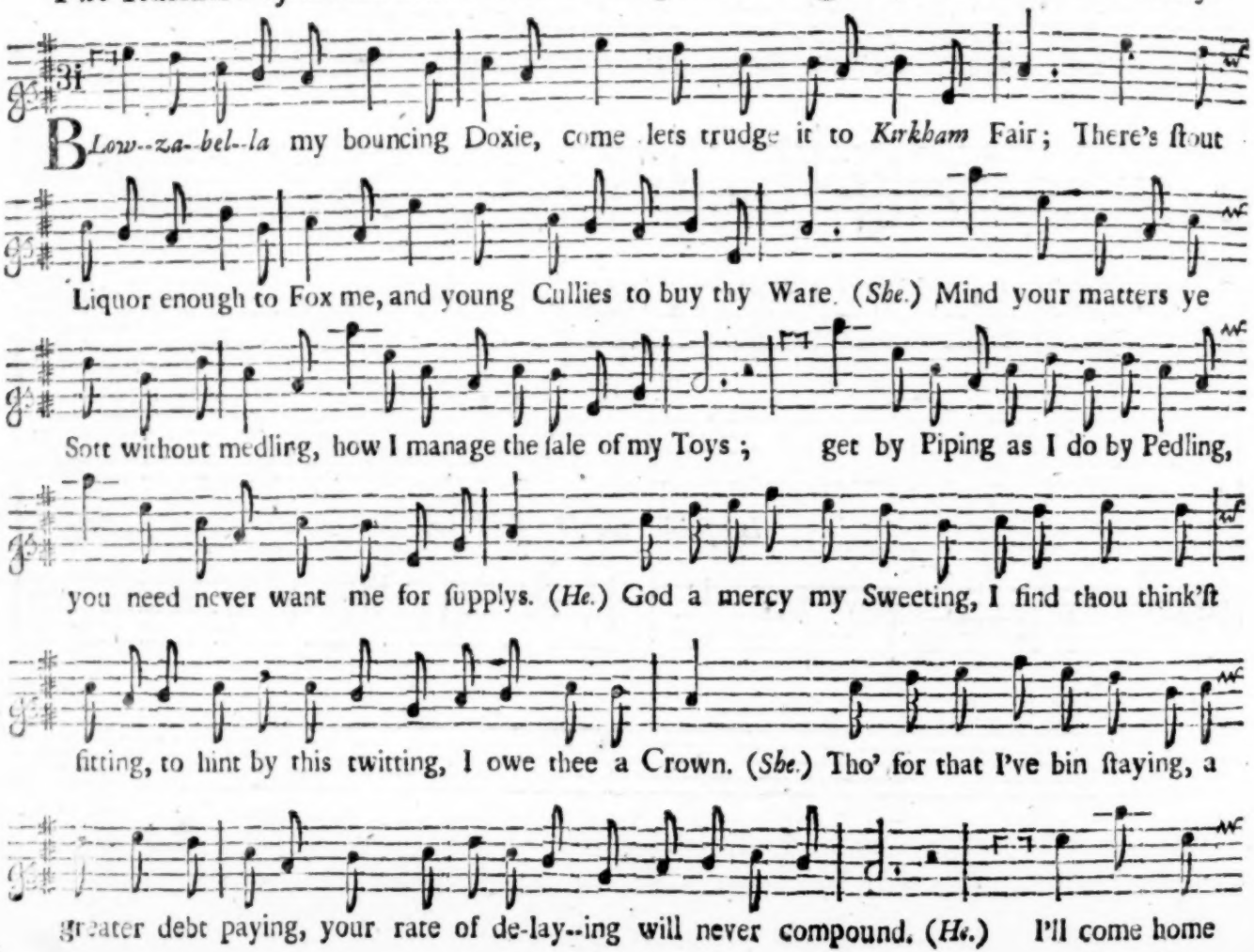
e--trai boſchi etrà le

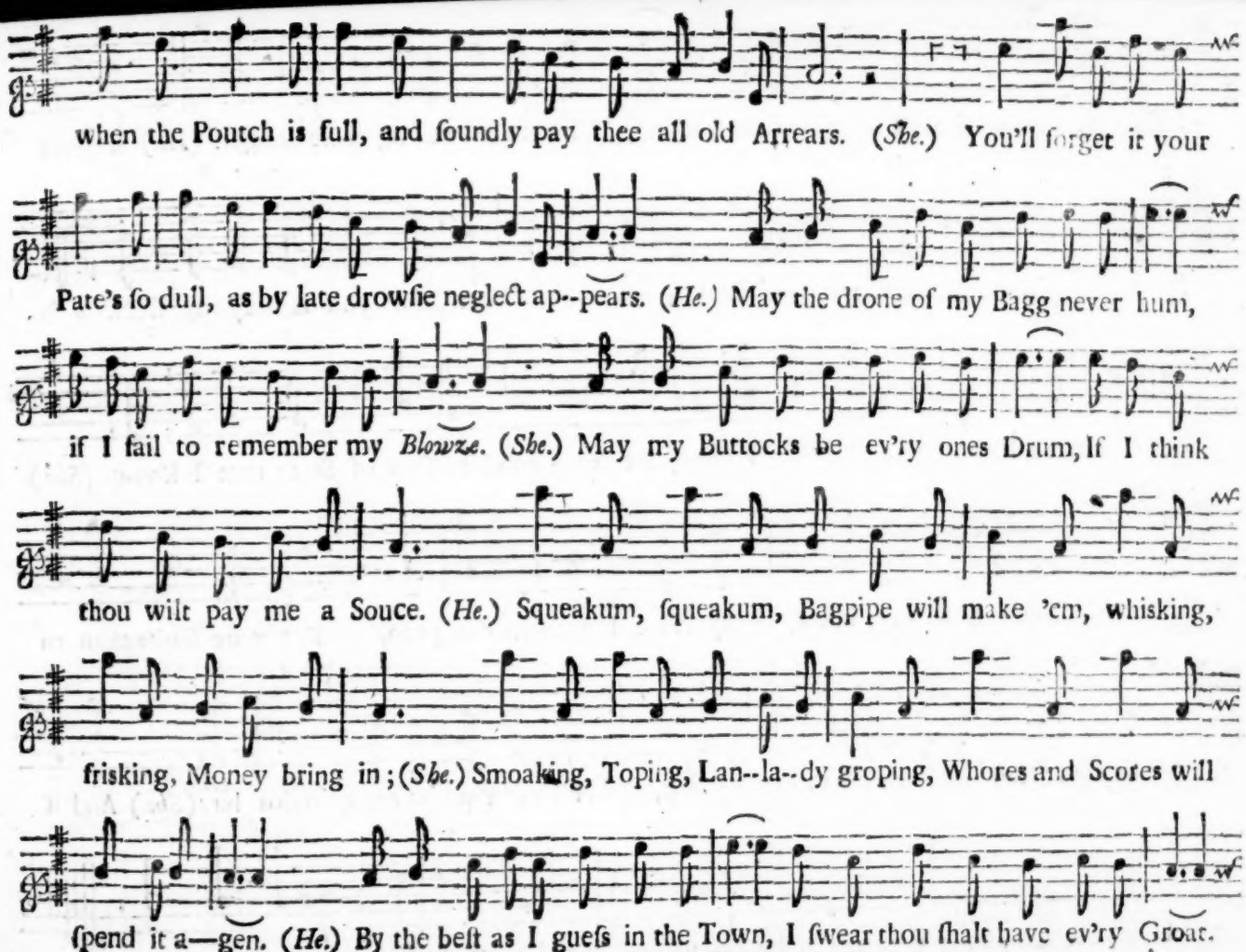
belue, va cantan— —do;

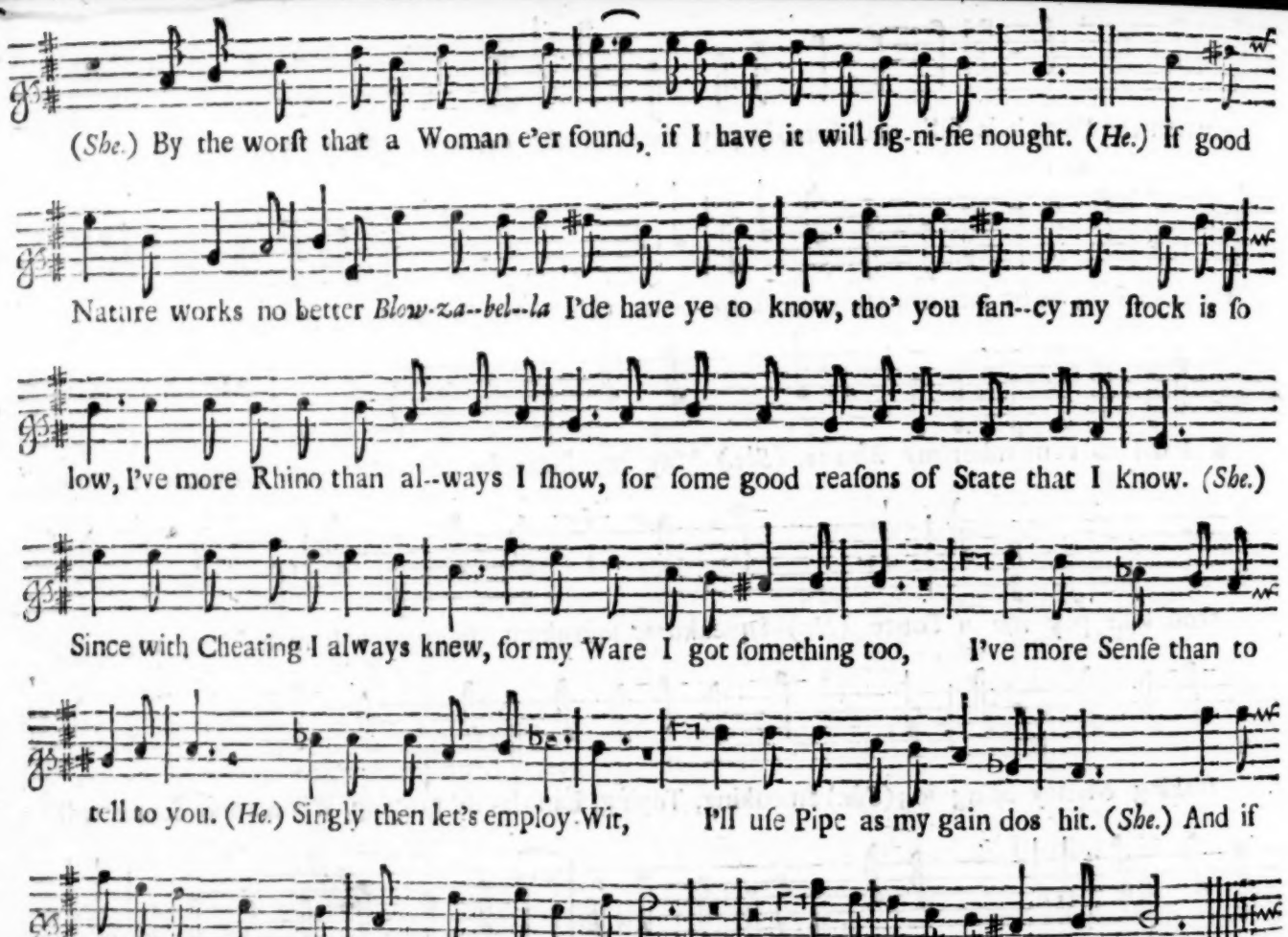
quanto ebel-la la fedel ta,
quanto e bellà là fedel ta, va cantando cantan—

do, quanto e bella là fedel ta, quanto e bella là fedel ta, la fedel ta,

la fedel ta, là fedel ta.


Blow--za--bel--la my bouncing Doxie, come lets trudge it to Kirkham Fair; There's ſtout
Liquor enough to Fox me, and young Cullies to buy thy Ware. (She.) Mind your matters ye
Sott without medling, how I manage the ſale of my Toys; get by Piping as I do by Pedling,
you need never want me for ſupplys. (He.) God a mercy my Sweeting, I find thou think'ſt
fitting, to hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown. (She.) Tho' for that I've bin ſtaying, a
greater debt paying, your rate of de-lay--ing will never compound. (He.) I'll come home


when the Poutch is full, and ſoundly pay thee all old Arrears. (*She.*) You'll forget it your
Pate's ſo dull, as by late drowſie neglect ap--pears. (*He.*) May the drone of my Bagg never hum,
if I fail to remember my *Blowze*. (*She.*) May my Buttocks be ev'ry ones Drum, If I think
thou wilt pay me a Souce. (*He.*) Squeakum, ſqueakum, Bagpipe will make 'em, whisking,
friſking, Money bring in; (*She.*) Smoaking, Toping, Lan--la--dy groping, Whores and Scores will
ſpend it a—gen. (*He.*) By the beſt as I gueſs in the Town, I ſwear thou ſhalt have ev'ry Groat.


(She.) By the worſt that a Woman e'er found, if I have it will ſig-ni-fie nought. (He.) If good
Nature works no better Blow-za--bel--la I'de have ye to know, tho' you fan--cy my ſtock is ſo
low, I've more Rhino than al--ways I ſhow, for ſome good reaſons of State that I know. (She.)
Since with Cheating I always knew, for my Ware I got ſomething too, I've more Senſe than to
tell to you. (He.) Singly then let's employ Wit, I'll uſe Pipe as my gain dos hit. (She.) And if
I a new Chapman get, you'll be ea--ſie too. (He.) Eaſie as any worn out Shooe.

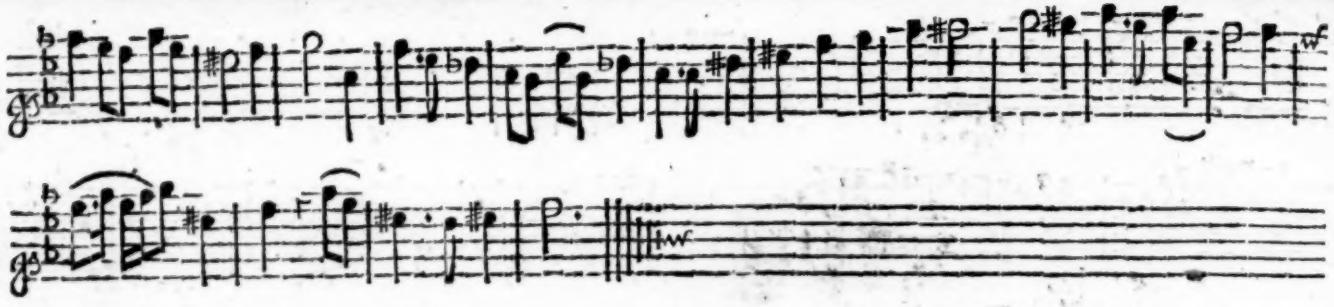
CHORUS of both.

Free and frollick we'll couple gratis, thus we'll ſhew all the human Race; that the beſt of the
Marriage State is Blowza--bel--la and Collin's Caſe.

The SONG *Tunes for the* FLUTE.

The Paſtorella.

Speak lovely Charmer,



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F I N I S.